

LEGACY

'72



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(SDA)

CAMPUS ROUNDUP 1972

Da Silva Moon Careying a Wiik Luster Peeked through Miles of Fogg Banks driven by Gusts of Winn filtered through the open Cross in the Clappboards and reflected from the Silverstein on the Hall Stairs. The Duke Roused from his slumber in the Ruf Vann. Though he was Stiff, he Rose, but it was still Knight. A donkey Brayed and a Wolfe howled.

"Arendt we ever getting out of this Hazekamp," he said.

It was Socol. He gave his New fellow Ryder a Stout Bunt to Weikum. "Shelley call the Cook and get him into the Galay or Waite till we can see the Baird."

But Lee, his Guest Crabbed back. "I Haight to travel at Knight. I Wood prefer to see the Birds, the Foxes and the Robbins that Hoppes among the Reeds along the Rhodes. Let's sleep till the Bell Ringers." He stroked his Manley Beard and Ley his Legg back on the Davenport.

"Parish your Soul," said the Duke impatiently. "I could Wade the Brooks through the Alders to get out of here, and then I can't Easley Loor you into starting early, you Loveless Bullock!" With that he gave his friend Acuff. He Neely said Moore, but changed his mind.

Hours later after they had Chued their breakfast of Hamm*, Bacon*, Rice, Butter, and Tarte Bossenberry juice, the Porter came Ronning with a Juhl (a Ruby) to present to the King for the Regal Krohn, Rowed out to the ship, and pushed Hardaway, and the boat was finally headed down the Waters for Franz Holland, the Sutherland, and a visit with the Popes. The Current was Strang on the Rivers. The Breeze was Kohler and it began to Snow. The seamen were Wearing Woolley Caps. A Tarr started his Daily task to Swab the Decker. His mop caught in a Mote on the deck.

"What makes this Woodruff?" he said, "I just put Rosin on it yesterday, and he kicked his Hiels in the Woodin planking. "I'll have to get the Shipwick."

The Duke, who was a Bachellor came out looking like a Freedman.

"Boop me a Goodwin," he exclaimed. "At last we are Freed from those Lawless Savages and their Spears, Lances, and Stone Shields, especially the Bowman. I hope we are going the Wright way. I couldn't stand it two Mohr Weeks. How Farrar we? I hope we are Miles from that Butcher's place. I'll write to Grace and Warner not to visit Ruggles at the Garrison. He might even be Kissinger.

Lee stepped quietly up behind him. "Oh Baasch! You have the Wurstlin. You haven't any Witt. I am aMaized at you. Be Weise. Do you want to Turner away from that Noble man to your Self? If you Stoner she will come Toomey instead. You're no soft Soper. Eiken Winger if you can't. You're not the Best man. You can't Currie her favor."

"Get off this Blankenship," yelled the Duke. What is your Bloodworth? Do you think you can Joiner? You might Keller. You Lacks the Nies Noble Powers to be Herrman or even a Goodman. You're no Heero. You'll Servoss." With that he Strode like a Maddox to his Trim Ward and Banged on the Doering.

"Some Peeples are Harpers and love to Harp Oft even if they Ott not," commented Lee as he watched the Herring alongside the boat.

<http://www.archive.org/details/legacy1972coll>

Continued inside back cover

NOT TO BE TAKEN
FROM LIBRARY



paul may

i will now lose myself
in the pages of daylight and
in the arms of many ancient mothers.

i will know that behind
every face is a physician behind
every wall the infinity of night
behind every book cover a generation
of dreams.

a candle for every window
a judas for every tree
a minute for every day
a Prophet

for every
empty soul

walking the sand.

McKEE LIBRARY
Southern Missionary College
Collegedale, Tennessee 37315

doug knowlton

Any game requires physical awareness also, but the games played
down lonely dirtroads in cars in the rain have always led me
to wonder who first made up the rules.

michael couillard



rolland crawford

I would like to
curl up beside
the sun
And hold the world
in my arms —
I'd give it all the love
that it needs
And then sleep in peace —

sylvia rusche

67
4
772
DA)

SATURDAY AFTERNOONS

Just nobody is here today.
No one close enough to show
they can care,
And it's cold outside—
And such a lonely, quiet day . . .
It seems like a bunch of
afternoons I've had so
many times before
Just invited themselves
to stay . . .

"Go away Mr. So-and-So—
whoever you are or
whatever you've got today
I wouldn't want it!"

I need someone now, and
just no one here is near
enough to show they care.
So . . . I freeze in the coldness
of the Day—
Lost in a pile of ugly Guests,
Saturday Afternoons.

ken nelson



79072

gene louden



rita bell

october's here.
my footsteps crunch the golden leaves
and echo dully on the cobblestones.
alone.
i stroll thru fields of goldenrod
wandering into woods
where wind rustles sweet gums
red as wine
and orange-tinged maples
touch the sky of cornflower blue.
pausing
i lean against an old rail fence
weather silver
and reflect on fate that keeps october
lonely and unshared.

jill bloodworth



winnie johnson

You came—
walking barefoot
along the shore of my mind . . .
You stopped for a time
and built a beautiful
sand castle . . .

But then—
you left it standing
alone
Only to be destroyed
slowly by the
Jealous sea . . .

sylvia rusche

Tried and true circles, games of love held on sand.
Moonbeams and strange scenes are the dreams in our hands.
You and I reason why
on the mystery of man
while true circles of love softly slip into sand.

michael couillard

A student once went to a college
expecting to find lots of knowledge.
He found there instead
professors that said
"This quiz we could never abolish."

mike garrett



carl swafford

THE GRADUATES

They were nudged, nestled and nurtured,
Fed for future freedom,
Strengthened for a stifling world,
Given time to learn:
Poking, peering and sometimes partaking.
Then time gave way to time.
Restless and ready, the group divided;
All their wings were grown—
But some couldn't fly.

vivienne douglass



carl swafford

TRIBUTE TO PEACE

I've been to this place before.
I've felt the coolness of the wind,
heard the leaves as they spoke
to one another.
I've touched the grass felt it grow.

I come here to think, quietly.
I come here to clear the confusion
from deep within my mind,
to talk with Peace.
He's still alive, you know.

I'll return to this place sometime.
I'll touch the tenderness of a butterfly,
and let this chilly stream warm my soul
with its laughter.
I'll smile at the sun as it drifts low.

When I must, I will leave, quietly.
and I'll have contentment within my mind
to last me all the time I'm gone,
for I talked with Peace.
He's still alive, you know.

mike garrett

**RAIN-STORM VALLEY
JUST BEFORE THE RAIN**

The sky is water-color gray
over the silhouette hills,
dark clouds slide by slowly
like great barges of water,
they are soft ragged carriers of rain,
without beginning or end,
dark-winged clouds in a forever formation,
urged on by a damp-breathed wind
that tortures through the limbs of
December darkened trees like some
half-forgotten nightmare.
This is a portrait of a rainstorm valley,
done in water-color.

mark nicholson



paul may

"HER MILD EYES"

Liberty is a statue.
She stands majestic, grand,
And serenely keeps her watch
Upon a torn and troubled land.

Unmoved her eyes look out—
Where men lay wounded, dying.
She holds aloft her golden lamp—
Hears children starving, crying.
Her sacred lips are silent, still—
Blacks cannot win for trying.

Low at her feet the broken chain
Speaks not how many bonds remain:
She gazes stoic, mild, the same.
Liberty is a statue.

P.S. **You** aren't. Get moving!

mitchell nicholaides





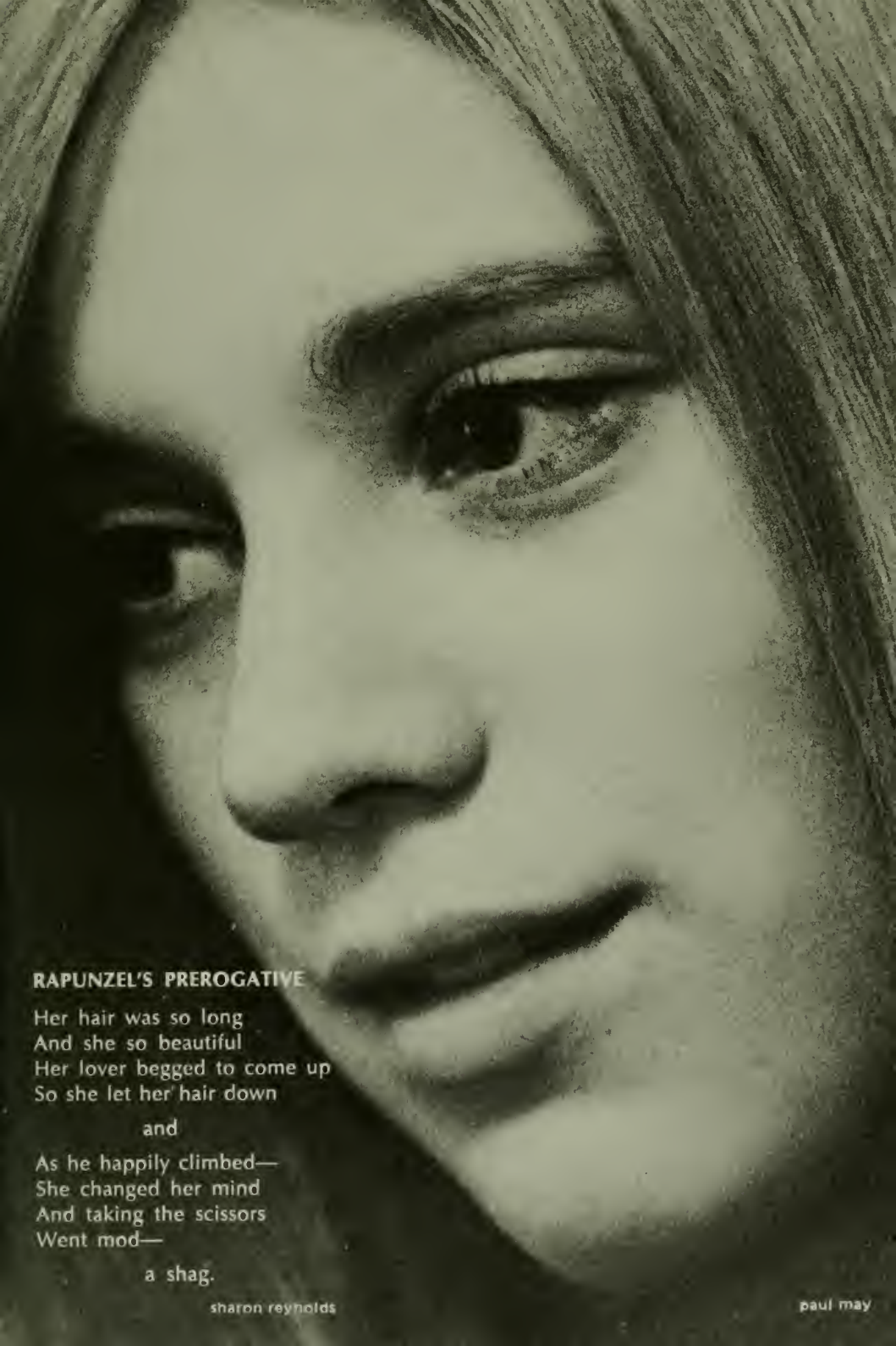
les hess

CEILINGS

are for the beams of midnight vehicles
 to dance their giants across, gone
 as quickly as they come. . . .
 —and for sleepless killers who count
 stars in speckled paint and straining
 plaster.

And ceilings are the cloudless skies of nurseries
 for dreaming young to paint their hearts
 up on. while my friend clutches
 his chair, beside himself with
 meditation, i stretch with spine
 to the floor, my eyes scratching
 the boundless fields above
 like an insane psalmist without
 a tomorrow.

doug knowlton



RAPUNZEL'S PREROGATIVE

Her hair was so long
And she so beautiful
Her lover begged to come up
So she let her hair down

and

As he happily climbed—
She changed her mind
And taking the scissors
Went mod—

a shag.

sharon reynolds

paul may

PONDERINGS FROM A PEDESTAL

He worships the ground I walk on.

But the ground is muddy
From the tears of a statue
Who would rather be human

—Like her.

kathy kummer



linda anderson

dreams are hopes
wrapped in
packages
and sometimes
fate
unties
the ribbons.

pamela maize

A core curriculum is one in which the children bring apples to school and eat them and plant the cores in the school grounds. They watch them sprout and grow into leaves and blossoms, and then fruit. This is SCIENCE. They paste pieces of bark and twigs and leaves on paper and they paint pictures of the apples in a dish. This is ART.

The children sit around under the trees singing "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree." This is MUSIC. The story of Johnny Appleseed is told them. This is LIBRARY STUDY. They climb up in the tree and pick the apples. This is PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

They count the apples, "taking away" the wormy ones. This is ARITHMETIC. In their own words, they tell what a tree is and what they felt when they saw the cores turn into trees. They also write letters to the National Apple Growers Association. This is LANGUAGE ARTS. The gifted children do enrichment research by reading Kilmer's "Trees" or by finding out about Isaac Newton, the Apple of Discord, the Garden of Eden, William Tell, and other apple-y events.

They learn such words as arbor, l'arbre, Apfel, Baum, manzana. This is FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

The boys build boxes to store the apples. This is INDUSTRIAL ARTS. And the girls bake them and sauce them and pie them. This is HOMEMAKING. Then everyone eats them and learns about their nutritional value. This is HEALTH EDUCATION.

These activities have been performed without a textbook or a workbook.

When all the apples are gone, they take the cores once again and plant them in the school grounds and watch them grow and flower and fruit. Pretty soon, you cannot see the school for the trees. This is called THE END OF EDUCATION.

anonymous

WITH THE LATEST REPORTS

Pictures of dying soldiers,
uncoiling and stilling—
twitching into red—all tell me
that the war is a lie.
Tell all the men who know death,
tell them please, that I saw
the pictures of the unexpected
softening into a gutted earth,
with blood,
with a final surprise,
and I know the lie.

mark nicholson

NIGHT MISSION CHILDRENS' LULLABY

Little children please don't cry,
or listen frightened at the sky.
It's not for you to wonder why
wars are fought and you must die.

Don't let death disturb your sleep,
ignore the airplanes' fatal sweep.
The night is dark, the night is deep,
and men in power have vows to keep.

It seems that we have lost our way,
forgot our motive, failed to pray.
"God forgive us" is all we say,
black and white has merged to gray.

mark nicholson





rita bell

He was recognized as fine china:
Silver edged, precious, pure.
And they smashed Him.
Is that a reason
For us to be melmac
And unbreakable?

carol adams

I'm heading into gray again, God.
Back in the sun it was easy to feel
 You shining—
But fog shrouds faith.
Please grant me grace, and
Let Your majesty melt the mist.

kathy kummer

paul may



Today is empty.
Yesterday was filled with nothingness.
Which is better,
An aching void or an overflowing vacuum?

ann burke



fred wuerstlin

It comes pure and innocent.
It lives for today.
It hopes for tomorrow.
It grows from yesterdays.
It fears solitude.
It tolerates misery.
It grieves parting.
It endures separation.
It stays for always.
It is a miracle.
Love is.

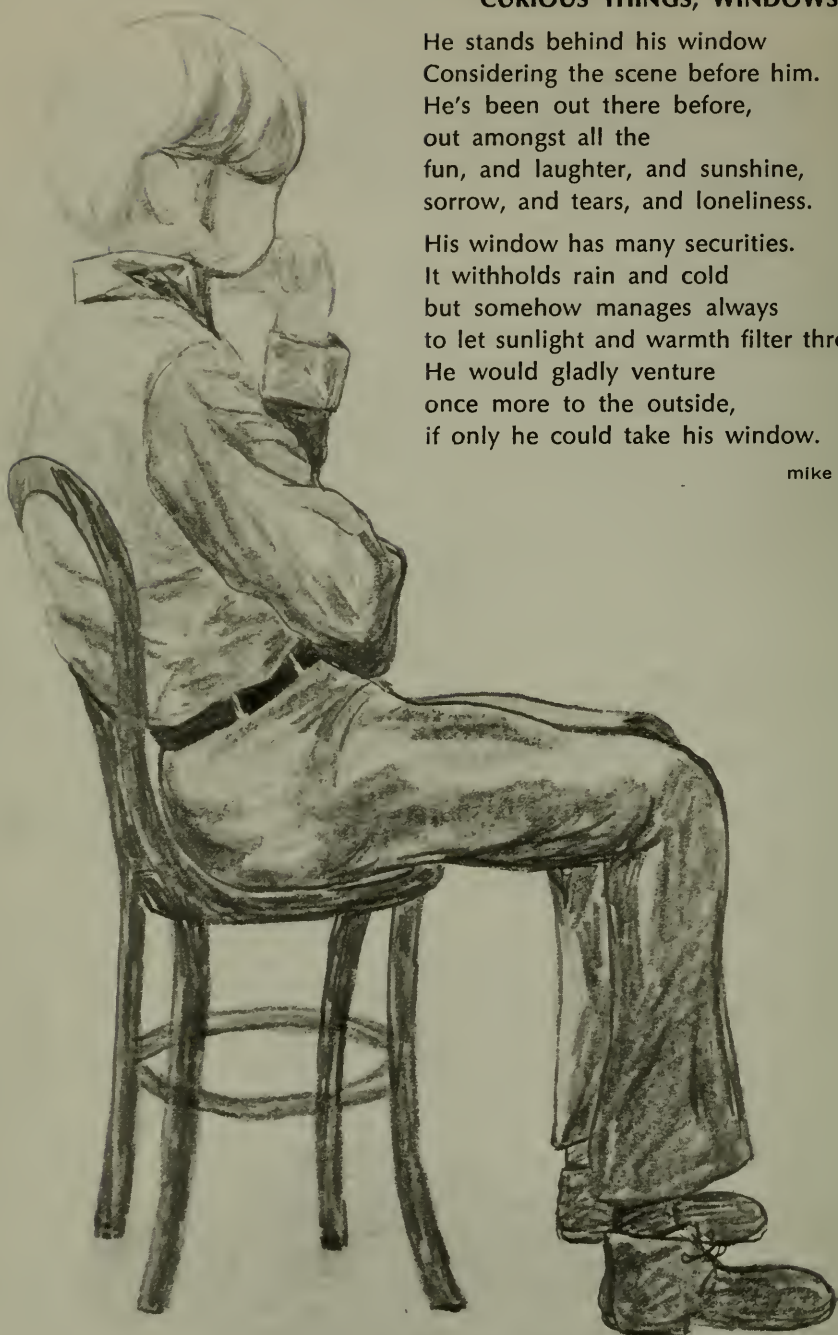
jacque williams

CURIOUS THINGS, WINDOWS

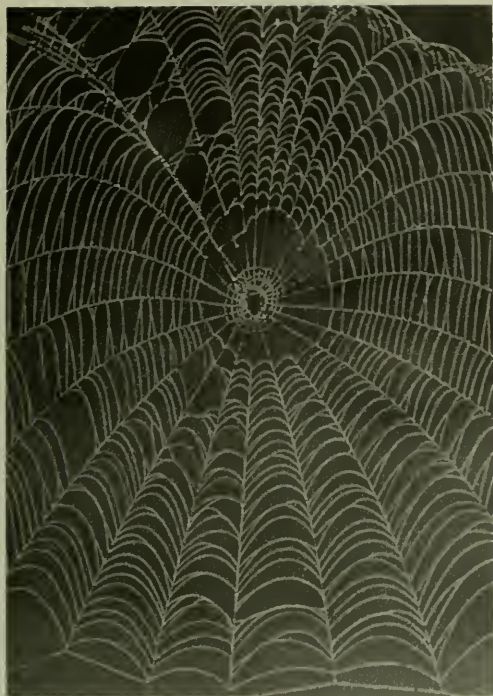
He stands behind his window
Considering the scene before him.
He's been out there before,
out amongst all the
fun, and laughter, and sunshine,
sorrow, and tears, and loneliness.

His window has many securities.
It withholds rain and cold
but somehow manages always
to let sunlight and warmth filter through.
He would gladly venture
once more to the outside,
if only he could take his window.

mike garrett



Linda James



carl swafford

THE EARTH

The rain showered down on the
back shiney pavement glistening as if
a garden of freshly cut diamonds.

The grass lay softly down
close to the earth; the wind blowing
gently around each blade.

The sun shown dimly through a
parted cloud in the blue sky.

The earth was bound up in
fragrance and gentleness; newly cleansed
and refreshed.

peggy davis

Life was beautiful then —

Clothing ourselves with strips of
sunlight, billeting thru forest trees
We drank sweet sea foam from
magic tulip cups
And played the games of the
wind and crisp leaves
Nights were soft and mysterious
like moss and toadstools
Taking us from the delightful
unreal to the delightfully unreal.

Then we turned 10 —

arlene potter



jeanne freeman

UNCLEAN

Ostracized are you, wee fly—
No one wants you in his pie.
Cows detest you on their backs—
So tail their syncopated whacks.
Your gore has stained uncounted blotters
And other mean impromptu swatters.

Doubtless you are very wise
Since you have so many eyes;
Yet learned doctors do not want you
Any more than Africa's Bantu.

Oh you are quite an acrobat—
How, when we swat at you, you scat!
Often you visit while I sup
To tightrope the rim of my cup.
But Barnum scorns you with your germs,
Instead displaying pachyderms.

Is there no one that you please?
Only when, disdaining bees,
Tonguing quicker than a sneeze,
Frogs with you their innards grease.

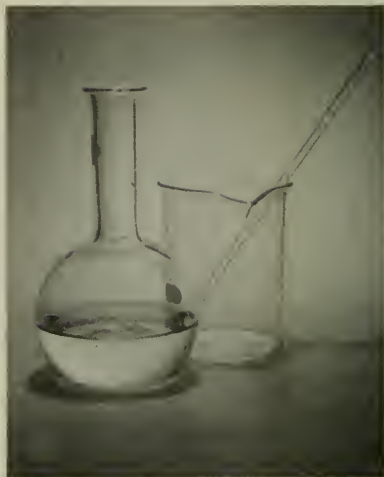
Why do you have my thoughts, good fly?
Because you're such a one as I.
You've been twisted and perverted;
Now your tongue's always well dirtied.

Macbeth, you rub your impure feet
And scrub yourself before you eat.
Transfer from right to left you can,
But make both clean? No— nature's ban.
The filth's within besides without,
And never will the stain come out.

When earth's made new, will you be?
Where? Fondled on a toddler's knee?
Made back into a honeybee?

Amazing grace! At last I'm free!

mitchell nicholaides

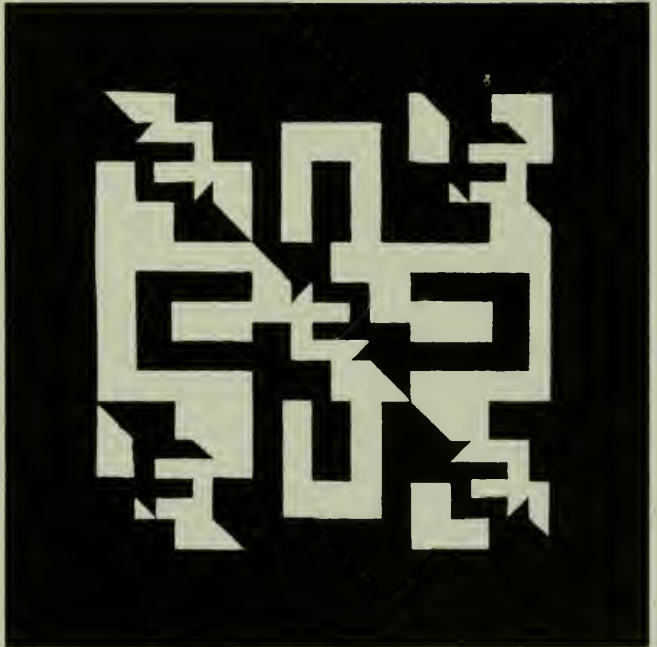


paul may

DAY BEGINS/A POET INSANE

Day begins, day ends.
Night begins, night ends.
And on and on and on and on . . .
And I have discovered the nonreality of trivia,
life is like madness in a doll-house where
everything is supposed to be perfect.
Insanity,
whispering happily from the corner reminds me,
"Old man Reality died last night, they say
thinking killed him.
Such a shame. A friendly, ugly old man."
And I want to laugh and laugh and cry
and smash my head against the grinning wall,
and listen to the thunder in my mind.
I'm not deaf or blind,
just a little insane.

mark nicholson



ruth linderman

This dampness on my cheek
distresses me . . .
There must be a leak
in the roof of my world . . .

sylvia rusche

Oh! For more **week** ends
and fewer **weak** days.

arlene potter



Did you ever look in the mirror
And discover a big smudge on your face
And wonder how many
Had seen
And yet kept silent?

carol adams

When a feeling is growing inside you—
You cry a lot.
Growing things have always need a lot of watering.

kathy kummer

linda anderson



carl swafford

A lonely daisy
standing proud against
the sun
May never feel the pain
of a broken stem,
But will never
feel the joy
of beautifying
someone's life either . . .

sylvia rusche

SOMETIMES IN WINTER

Days of graying mist pursued her
Though she would reach to
wipe it from the window
nothing would be there.
Afternoons of cold street staring
brought only images of
snow-slushing people, smiling and
nodding to one another, connected only
by walls that separated them.
Stone ledges
can harbor only stillness
and serve as touchstone for a
solicitude that pervades the
room and calls the day to defuse
the snowflakes.
Rooms hold the past that the outside
might strip and freeze.
Maybe.
Sidewalks of snow keep impressions
and amplify footsteps if any
choose to follow.
Otherwise, they are only
pallets for swirling snow.
Dance, dance park trees
call through their burden
of ice.
Here I am, shout hide-and-
seek playing memories from behind
park benches.
Lightposts whisper in frozen
rain.
Soot-painted walls taunt.
Run, Run yell the gutters.
No dancing apparitions fill
the ceiling.
Only shafts from lamppost's
dismal blur.
Frozen nights do not
always make for frozen lives.
Sometimes in winter love-fire
bursts through the frigid wastes.
Making life warm
and moments of sensory existence
glistening.
Snow falls, covering
all history of entanglements
Allowing no one to read
snow-pictures.



WINTER

Sliding and slipping along
down a hill came Winter.
He was a rather amiable sort,
in his own way,
laughing and rolling along
through the valley,
roaring and howling uninhibitedly
around the buildings and people,
and singing,

"Need a friend
so close and dear?
Smile a bit
for Winter's here!"

But you know what?
He was not well received.
The buildings closed their
windows and doors to him,
and the people, turning their backs,
wrapped themselves into walking cocoons,
their hair blown just slightly astray
by the wind of his voice.
Winter, however, was not
easily discouraged, and upon the
inhabitants of the land
he heaped many gifts, such as
beautiful blankets of pearly-white snow
sparkling in the sunlight,
and bright, intricate love-patterns
on morning windows.
And yet, though a few
uttered surface acknowledgement
of these gifts,
the majority chose to ignore them
and instead banded themselves
into a unison of desire
and voiced their desire
by crying out

"You sting our ears
and chill our hands!
O, leave us Winter
for other lands!"

So it was that
after three months of persistence,
and three months of futile attempts
at gaining friendship sought,
Winter decided that the
inhabitants of the land
were a hopelessly hostile lot,
and, leaving only his
velvety blankets of snow
to melt into riverlets of tears,
he packed his wares and left.



paul may

Any half-smart computer knows
Just about anything, I'm told.
They know all about:
The sun and the moon,
How much and how soon,
The stars in the sky,
The answers to wherefore and why,
How many warts are on a toad,
And why a chicken crosses the road.

———, computers even know
about computers!

These brain 'chines also know
about the birds and bees,
And this was a problem lately
bothering me.
So with this thought in mind,
Some answers I set out to find.

A computer I found crying in a
corner
With all the appearances of a
bereaved mourner.
These machines aren't supposed
to feel, I thought.
Was this, then, some strange
mutation I had caught?

Putting my questions aside,
In me I asked him to confide.
His photo-electric cell blinked
at me twice, then thrice:
"— mister, to listen to me you
sure are nice.

"My tale is a tale of woe,
Simply because machines are sup-
posed to be emotionless and
cold.

But we do possess emotion,
And boy, did mine create a
commotion!

"You see, I fell in love with
the office dictating machine,
And for this I was branded a fiend.
Like a wooden nickle compared to a
Jefferson penny,
They said our differences were too
many.

"They said we could never be
happy together,
That we were birds of a dif-
ferent feather.
With this excuse they jerked
out my plug,
And exiled me to this dark corner
away from my love."

With this last lament,
Flashing lights showed his
malcontent.
His whirring heart sadly slowed—
The emotional load caused three
fuses to blow!

With all his problems I left
him;
He should have been able to
solve them,
For he was an intelligent
computer,
A fact completely indisputable.

I knew that he would find a way
To unite with his love again some
day.
For there is no difference between
hawk and dove
When there exists between them
true love.

Not long after this encounter,
I saw again the mechanical counter
And anyone could easily see,
That he looked happy as could be.

Obviously he had found a way,
But exactly how he would not say.
To retain or divulge his secret
was his choice,
And all he would say was, "This is
a recording," in a feminine voice.



paul may

Premier showing
Of spring's first crocus,
Pushing its way
In vibrant technicolor
Through last year's leaves
That have lost their thrill.

Director: God the Father
Producer: God the Son

ann burke

OK, Cathy.

So you're not the most beautiful in the world.

But if your smile was gold; I'd be the oldest, most particular
prospector in the West.

michael couillard



paul may

Are Maintenance and Repairs
Killing the
Profits of
Our Friendships?

ken nelson



kent benedict

INTROSPECT

I saw a young dog die today.
He seemed just a mongrel
with no apparent breeding.
At his tender age I'm sure
he had not yet found a home,
therefore no one could have missed him.
Yet, strangely enough
(dare I admit?)
the thought of his dying
brought tears to my eyes.

I saw a young dog die today.
He was likely just a stray,
having no place to go.
Perhaps his death was a blessing.
The driver of the car
must have thought so, for he made no move to stop.
Some things I'll never understand,
like pain, and hatred, and death,
and mysteries deep inside.
I saw a young dog die today,
but why didn't I stop?

mike garrett

I went out to pick a flower and
a thistle scratched my hand.
I went out to sail a boat and
found the ocean had dried up.
I walked out to look at the Sun and
rain fell hard upon me.
I went out to find love and
my soul withered and died.
Now, I'm a rock, must you break
me in a million pieces?

gayle wright



les hess

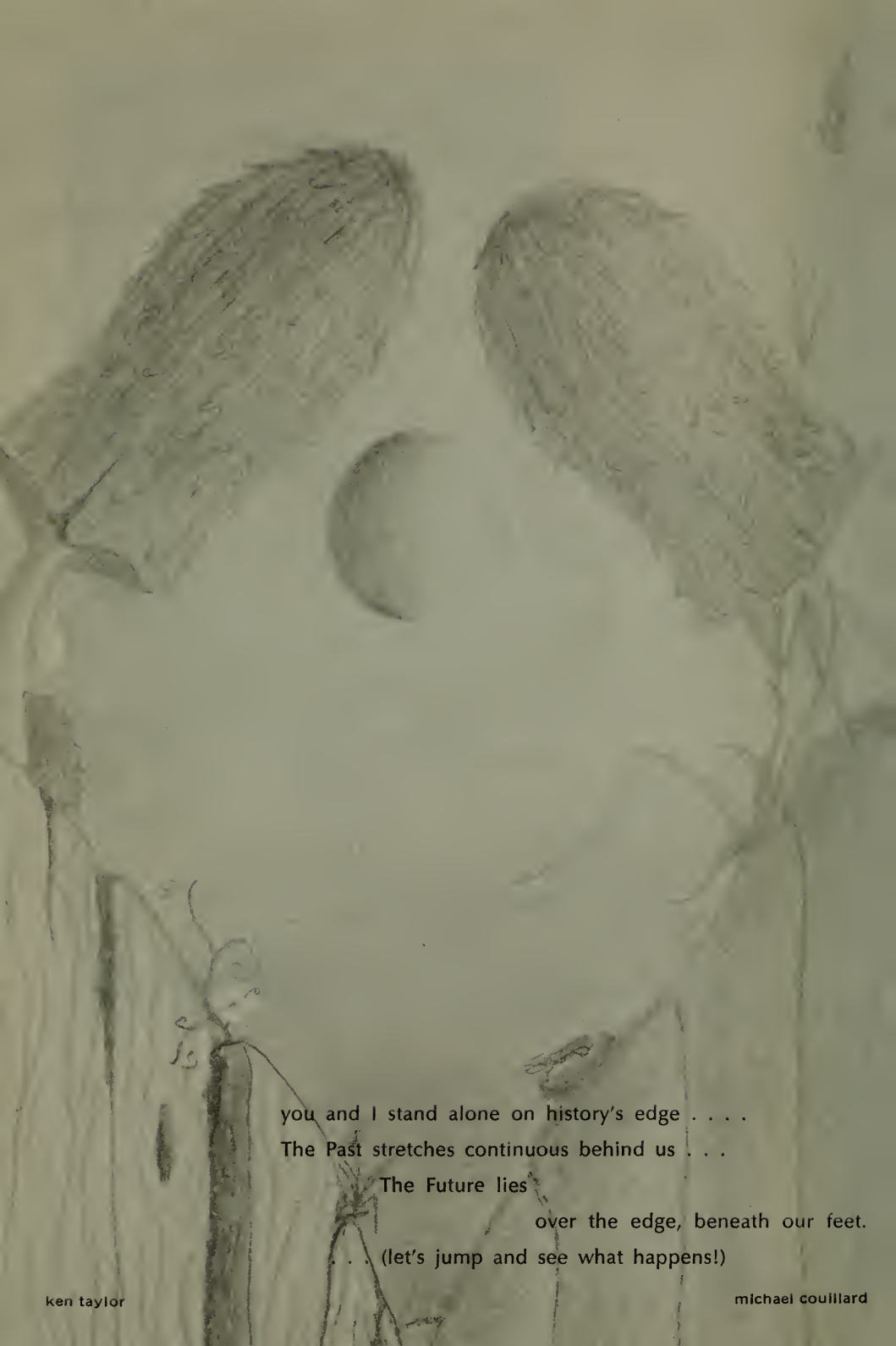


rita bell

Whatever happened to our love?
Its warmth is missing from our smiles and eyes
and tenderness has left our words.
Now all that's left is our empty selves.

Maybe surging waves carried it out of reach
or diving sea birds carried it off
to lonely windswept dunes.
Maybe we left it at some greasy service station
or lost it in the mail.

dlane cochran



you and I stand alone on history's edge

The Past stretches continuous behind us . . .

The Future lies

over the edge, beneath our feet.

. . . (let's jump and see what happens!)



ILLINOIS/JULY 29, 1971

This flatland sun is tired.
Tired of eternal cornfields
for friends,
so it slowly crumbles into
some west-land field
while the retroactive bees
return to their hexagonal
sources and I wonder how many
fire-flies it would take
to burn the night red.

mark nicholson



sandi lechler

SHE IS LIKE A SMALL BIRD

She is like a small bird
caught in a large kaleidoscope
cage;
forever longing to shatter
the silent solemn bars of
her particular prison.
She sees the sky and believes
that freedom is in the empty
flight.
If she could soar far enough,
she would find that the skies are
cages too,
only larger.

mark nicholson



paul may

Love
 touches.
It reaches in and warms.
And like the evening sun it sinks.
But sometimes it comes up
In memories . . .

jacque williams

**Autumn as told by:
NEW YORK TIMES**

Autumn Fall is being held on suspicion of the kidnapping of the well known Miss Summer, daughter of Mother Earth.

After the kidnapping late Tuesday afternoon, authorities followed clues that covered a six state area. Twenty-four hours later, Miss Summer was found—stripped, barely alive. Old man Winter, who had been following Autumn for some time, closed in after a windy battle.

Autumn is now in custody, pending bond.

anonymous

paul may





I've seen souls——
Parched and dry,
Colorless and barren——
Sort of like
Nevada
Or New Mexico
Or California.
Without Water
They are dead
And ugly.

They could be beautiful, Lord!
But—and I know this hurts You—

They are content
To be
Deserts.

carol adams

winnie johnson

THE LITTLE BUBBLES

The tiny candle burned slowly,
a piece of blackening twine imprisoned by
a swirling green mass.
disappearing calmly into a wavering golden
something of energy,
creating warmth as the wax became a clear,
green bubble
boiling with littler bubbles,
struggling, fighting to be released of a
future of nonexistence,
a storm within the quiet resignation to fate,
refusing to accept the decisiveness of
their destination,
but unable to conquer.

martha moretz



carl swafford

But what about yesterday?

And last night?

Didn't you mean it?

Any of it?

Then why couldn't I see through?

And feel the truth?

Another innocent blindly smashed into the wall,
Not knowing it was erected months before.

arlene potter

I looked up,
Noticed half the moon was gone,
And nearly panicked.

It seemed that
All my world was crumbling
Since you had to go.

Then I realized—
You must have taken
The other half with you
To remember.

kathy kummer

The heavens divide to let me come
To find God,
Clouds, moon, stars—even galaxies—moving quietly aside,
Then merging again in the wake
Of my canoe

ray hefferlin

Thank you, God,
For strawberries
And spinach.

carol adams



jeanne freeman

It's good to be traveling again.
Being settled in one place is good
sometimes,
under certain circumstances.
But travelings appeal more to me.
All the beauty of the countryside,
all the drama of life lies open
for the traveler to observe.

Besides,
a traveler does not long know anyone,
nor anyone the traveler.
It's less lonely that way.

mike garrett



paul may

PENN CENTRAL

The small towns always look the same
from trains;
their pulse is low with the August
sun baking Main Street.
Dusty farmers with sunlight and
a million rows of corn in their eyes
move at halftime to the clock
on a faded red courthouse.
The noon train is a break
in summers monotony;
blurred faces at the windows.

mark nicholson

VIET NAM TOUR

Count them, 365 days.
Each day I've looked for a way
To make the year shorter,
To make the days fewer.
Like many before me
and like many yet to endure,
I've tried to twist time,
To warp and bend that silent
and invisible hour glass,
That indifferent jailer
who holds the key to my
mortal cell.
And still I sit and wait.





jim goff

A drunk
 staggering
 muttering nonsense,
 dirty, smelly, unshaven,
 tattered clothes,
 "A quarter for coffee?"

Christians snicker.

An old lady
 wrinkles and bones
 glassy eyes, hearing aids,
 long sagging dress,
 drops her purse.

 Paraphernalia scatters.

Christians hurry by.

A boy
 love beads,
 grubby cut-offs,
 bearded, barefoot,
 long hair pulled back from
 a pimpled face

 Stares unseeing at the ocean.

Christians soak up the sun.

Riots, starvation, fires, rock, drugs, war,
murder, divorce, accidents, hatred, quakes,
alienation

Christians watch TV and shake their heads.
"Signs of the times," they sigh.

carol adams

FOR WAR

Generations of a seed,
descendants of One Man
Peoples of a different color,
race and creed and clan.
Ever since the start of time,
since the crimson hearts began
to beat and ache,
man has conquered man.

"What conquer next?"

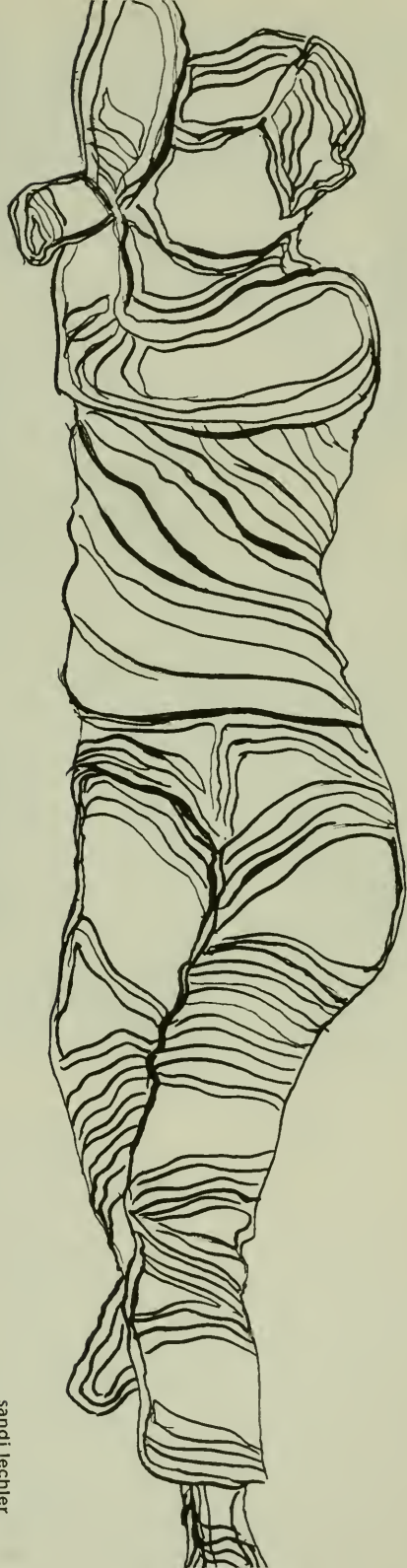
"Where to, now?"

Questions in the minds of fools!
Millions die as Christians cry,
"War and Hatred are Death's Tools!"
"God is dead!"

and "Strength through War!"

Sing mad refrains, make worthless rules!
Strange, how in the light of God,
the grandeur of an Empire cools!

michael b. couillard



sandi lechler



sandi lechler

A LESS DISTINCT BOUNDARY

And there has always been the river,
 with its heavy smell of decay,
 the decay weighted mud,
 fast hopeless currents of deadly
 forces and persuasion,
 and all the meaningless forms and motions.
 He has stood on the banks before,
 watching fascinated as other mirrored
 wreckage blundered past to destinations
 of terrified forgetting.
 Lately the edges have been crumbling
 slightly,
 making a less distinct boundary to
 tell him when the crossing over from
 watcher to wreckage took place.
 And he knows the only hope is to
 cross the confused waters or go
 back to the beginning again,
 or—stay and disintegrate . . .

mark nicholson



jim goff

THE VIRGIN

I bow before your molded form
and beneath my knees
I can feel the cold hard floor.
Everyone is bowed and quiet.
Behind your cement lids,
do you know
my mind is in the busy market place?
We sit as the wine is passed,
I hope it's good.
The organ plays
and your stony gaze follows
as I hurry home to lunch.

jon harold

HERE

All alone in time
Past eternity, never to look back,
 for eternity is yesterday, and yesterday
 doesn't matter—

Forever and Forever never to arrive,
 Forever and Forever is tomorrow, and
 tomorrow never comes—

Here is where I am
 Here is now, and now is forever,
 and never to change.

No other people are Here
Here I am alone, alone in time, alone in loneliness
No thoughts are thoughts except my thoughts,
 for I alone am Here, and Here exists only for me
Yesterday I did not think, nor will I tomorrow,
 for Here is where I am, and Here is forever, and
 forever I will be Here.

Here is anywhere
Anywhere in time is Here, from the birth of
 eternity to the end of forever is Here
The eternity between the death of that instant
 and the birth of this instant is Here
Here is anytime, but can not be tomorrow,
 nor was it yesterday, for Here is forever,
 and never to change.

Mind knows only one Here
Yesterday was Here, is Here, and will be
 tomorrow
Here is forever, not snagged on yesterday,
 nor broken by tomorrow
Here knows not birth, and death does not
 live.

For Here is forever,
 and forever is as long as now.

carl swafford



Drizzle and mist
Mist and drizzle;
My glasses are rain-kissed;
My hair's all a-frizzle;
Oh what a mizzle!

linda marshall



jim goff

we live
like gods
with love
that
treads
so
lightly,
leans
so
brightly
to
heaven.

doug knowlton



For Reference

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Linda James

On the **Iles** beyond the **Hedges** and the **Heath**, **Peeples** were **Hunting Herbs** and cutting **Hay**. Beyond these there were several **Green Groves** and in one **Grove** just **Underhill** stood a **Brown, Christian Temple**. A number of **Graves** were among a **Bunch** of **Burches**. Nearby a **Child** had alighted from a **Carr**, or was it a **Ford**, to watch the **Byrds** in the **Marsh**, but there were only a **Drake**, and a **Gross** of **Gray Banty** roosters preening their **Combs**. One **Cochran** because the **Fowler** came.

Just then a **Root Prest** against the ship's **Rudder**. A **Link Brock** and the **Liner** spun **Hardin** to land and struck the **Stubbs** of the **Underwood** below the **Fender**. The **Crews** saw the **Edgmon Falle** off the **Eaves** and went **Downing** and **Dunkin** in the **Black Waters**. He came back up a **Wetman** with **Lazarations** on his **Pate** and on his **Adams apple**, saying "Oh **Ippische!** Was that a **Diller?** Now I'll have to **Tryon Bothe** my **Blue Penz** and my **Small White Lacey** shirt. I'm not **Hardie** enough for this and then he clenched his **Molers**.

The **Reefman** was called to help the **Wheeler** get the ship **Luce**, but they couldn't **Springett**. **De Wind** was against her and **Stover** side in so they had to call the **Carpenter** and a **Smith** to repair the **Riggs**. The **Marshall** came **Lawing** to put a **Lien** on the ship. The **Chapman** tried to make **Clayburn** when he should have been making **Colburn** and as a result they managed to **Burnham** and produce **Sparks** from a **Zegarra**. The **Hallman** came out of the **Garrett** with a **New** pair of **Felts** for the **Marquiz De Lumba** when he really needed the **Crutcher**. The **Taylor** was **Reading** the last **Page Ennis** book when it happened. The **Trumper** lost his trumpet overboard.

He said, "I want my **Hornbeck**."

"Be **Kuhlman**," commented the **Duke**.

"I'm **Coleman**," retorted the **Miller** as he went into the **Chambers** to find his **Kinsman**. "I was leaving because I had my **Millburn**. I don't want any more **Mills** at any **Price**. I **Lovejoy** and not **Payne**. I want to be in a **Freeland** where man **Bowles** as long as he **Reile** wants. I **May** go look up a **Merchant** and buy a **Webb Tucker**, but on the other hand I like **Ledbetter**. Anyway, I **Cotta** get out of here, but I can **Barrett** for a while. **May** be a **Barber** can give me some **Leeds** on which **Sample** to ask for."

Finally the ship was **Granted** the privilege to **Pairce** the waves again. It sailed with its **Beck Partlo** and left **Riffels** in the **Holbrook**. The deck was **Strawn** with **Cotter** keys, **Goodbrads**, **Allen** wrenches, and a **Greenleaf**. However, they didn't have **Werry** much water and you can't **Wiehn** **Peeples** from water so the **Fillman** with a **Walker** was sent to get water from the **Gardner's Wells**, right by the **Barnhart**. The **Gardner** was using his **Seeders**, so he sent the **Mayer**, the **Weaver**, and the **Thatcher** to **Fitch** the **Waters**.

Now, I'm not a **Holiman** or a **Propheter** and I can't predict the **Futcher**, so I can't tell you the rest of the story. I would be **Whary** of it anyway. It was told to me by a **Strayer** and I wouldn't **Faust** it off on you.

* The author is not responsible for these two names applied to vegetarians.

Note: If your name doesn't appear in this story it is because it doesn't mean anything anyway. You might change it to something meaningful, like **Oxtail** or **Rubbermouth**. For further suggestions see the **Public Relations Department**.

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